WOWEEKAZOWIE
No.3
75¢
Tim Corrigan
TKC 96

# WOWEEKAZOWIE!

## EDITORIAL!

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IT HATH BEEN SAID THAT IF ONE WERE TO WAIT LONG ENOUGH, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, AND AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY OF ALMOST A YEAR AND A HALF, LO, AND BEHOLD, ***WOWEEKAZOWIE!*** #3 IS ACTUALLY OUT!

BETWEEN THEN AND NOW, A LOT HAS HAPPENED, TOO LONG A STORY TO TELL IN THE SPACE I HAVE FOR THIS EDITORIAL. I PROMISE TO EXPAND UPON IT IN MY EDITORIAL FOR NEXT ISSUE, WHICH, I MIGHT ADD IS ***NOT*** A YEAR AND A HALF AWAY!

WHAT WITH THE INTERESTS OF SOME INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED CHANGING, OR BEING DIVERTED INTO OTHER PROJECTS, OR DISAGREEING ABOUT THE ZINE, AND EVEN GOING PRO, IT SEEMED AT ONE POINT THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE A THIRD ISSUE.

SOMEHOW, EVENTUALLY #3 DID START TAKING SHAPE, BUT WITH TRYING TO FIND WAYS OF FINANCING IT, WAITING FOR ADDITIONAL MATERIAL TO COME IN, TIME DRIFTED BY AND IT WAS ALREADY FALL. KIM THOMPSON, WHO HAD EXPRESSED INTEREST IN TAKING OVER AS PUBLISHER WAS UNABLE TO DO SO AS HE SEEMED TO BE SUFFERING FROM A CASE OF MUSICAL ADDRESSES AND WHAT WITH TAKING OVER MIKE CANTRON'S SPOT AT ***THE COMICS JOURNAL,*** KIM WAS NOT IN A POSITION FOR BEARING THE BURDEN OF PUBBING A ZINE, ANYHOW. ALL THE OTHER MEMBERS WHO WEREN'T INTO PUBLISHING AND EDITING THEIR OWN PROJECTS WERE NOT INTERESTED IN COMITTING THEMSELVES TO A ZINE FOR A VARIETY OF REASONS.

ALONG THE WAY I STARTED GETTING A BIT OF WORK IN COMICS, BUT THAT WAS ERRATIC AND SPORADIC AT BEST, BUT AT THE TIME IT LOOKED AS IF ***WOWEE*** WOULD FINALLY BE OUT LAST WINTER.

IT WASN'T TO BE. WORK TRICKLED TO NON-EXISTANT (MORAL: LIVING AWAY FROM THE BIG APPLE IS A DEFINITE DISADVANTAGE!) AND THE PROPOSED FORMAT CHANGE WHICH WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY BOOSTED ***WOWEE'S*** CIRCULATION WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.

NOT HAVING RECEIVED A COMPLAINT ABOUT ***WOWEE'S*** NON-APPEARANCE UNTIL AFTER I HAD STARTED TO WORK ON A NEWSLETTER TO SEND SUBSCRIBERS FROM TWO PEOPLE, I REALIZED THAT A NEWSLETTER MIGHT NOT BE QUITE ENOUGH, ESPECIALLY AFTER WILLIE B. SENT SUBBERS A STRIP-ZINE, I FELT I HAD TO DO AT LEAST AS WELL.

UNFORTUNATELY, PARTLY DUE TO THE NEW FORMAT I FELT THAT I COULDN'T SEND OUT THE ORIGINAL #3, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN SHIFTED TO #4. INSTEAD I'VE PUT TOGETHER THIS ISSUE FOR THE SUBBERS, SO THEY'D FINALLY GET SOMETHING IN THEIR HANDS AFTER ALL THIS TIME. ALSO, A SPECIAL NOTE TO SUBBERS: THIS ISSUE IS ON US. IF YOU HAD TWO ISSUES COMING, YOU'RE STILL GOING TO GET TWO, OUTSIDE OF THIS ISH, FOR INSTANCE.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVEN'T BEEN IDLE, AS #4 AND #5 ARE ALL LINED UP. YOU'LL BE SEEING ARTICLES BY THE LIKES OF MARK GRUENWALD, KIM THOMPSON, FRANK LOVECE, GENE PHILLIPS, KURT BUSIEK FOR INSTANCE AND WILLIE'S ***VICTORY*** STRIP RETURNS NEXT ISH. ALSO ON HAND WILL BE STRIPS STARRING ***NIMBUS*** BY LOVECE, ROBB PHIPPS & SAM DE LA ROSA ***OMEGON*** (FROM ***THE ENFORCERS***) BY LARRY HOUSTON, SAR HAYWOOD AND MYSELF, AND ***DEATHMARK*** BY LOVECE, BILL NEVILLE AND DE LA ROSA, PLUS SPOTS BY ORDWAY, MACHLAN, BOTSIS, BLYBERG AND OTHERS. #5 HAS ARTICLES BY BILL TURNER, THOMPSON AND LOVECE, AND A POSSIBLE COLUMN BY WILLIE, AS WELL AS STRIPS BY GRUENWALD, KARL KESEL AND PARTS II OF ***OMEGON*** AND ***DEATHMARK!***

AS FOR THIS ISH, ***FISH-EYE'S BED*** IS COURTESY OF INTERFAN AND WAS ORIGINALLY SCHEDULED FOR ANOTHER PROJECT OF MINE, AND TIM CORRIGAN'S ***ELASTICWORM*** WAS ORIGINALLY SET FOR THE ORIGINAL #3. ***MAARZ*** BY WILLIE B. IS FOR ALL YOU ***VICTORY*** COMPLETISTS. IT WAS NEVER FINISHED AND WAS DISCARDED IN FAVOR OF THE FIRST EPISODE WAY BACK IN OUR FIRST ISSUE! THE REST OF THE MATERIAL WAS "FILLER" MATERIAL FOR ***WOWEE***, ALTHOUGH THAT TERM IS A BIT MISLEADING. THE JOHN BYRNE TWO-PAGER WAS A "DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY" SAMPLE DONE IN '74 BUT WAS REJECTED BY DC FOR BEING TOO RISQUE, I BELIEVE. SPECIAL THANKS GOES TO BOISTEROUS BOB LAYTON FOR PERMISSION TO USE IT!

I'M RUNNING OUT OF SPACE AND HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SAY ALL I WANTED TO. MY APOLOGIES. ALSO MY APOLOGIES TO YOU ALL FOR THE DELAY IN GETTING #3 OUT! I'M NOT NECESSARILY ASKING FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS, JUST YOUR UNDERSTANDING!

THANK YOU ALL, Pete Iro

***WOWEEKAZOWIE!*** #3, SUMMER 1978 ISSUE. PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY PETE IRO, 455 POTOMAC AVENUE, BUFFALO, N.Y. 14213. PRICE PER SINGLE COPY IS 75 ¢. NO SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE AT THIS TIME. DEALER'S RATES AVAILABLE UPON INQUIRY. ENTIRE CONTENTS IS COPYRIGHT © 1978 BY PETER IRO, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

THE CANARY ISLANDS WERE OFT DESCRIBED AS "A NECKLACE OF DIAMONDS ACROSS THE THROAT OF THE PACIFIC".
IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN THE ISLAND OF BOLI MUST CERTAINLY BE THE RHINESTONE IN THE CHAIN.
THE ISLAND OF BOLI IS HOME TO ONLY ONE MAN. THE PEARL MAN... OLD FISH-EYE.
EVERYTHING YOU USUALLY GET, PLUS A BARREL OF GUNPOWDER! IT'LL COST YOU EXTRA!
VERN COSTELLO WAS A SMALL-TIME SMUGGLER AND RUM-RUNNER UNTIL HE MET AN ISLANDER ON MORAB WHO TOLD HIM WHAT TO BRING--AND HOW HE WOULD BE PAYED..
PEARLS, THE BEST COSTELLO HAD EVER SEEN.
WELL, BLOW ME AWAY! AMAZIN' HOW YOU ALWAYS GOT MORE OF THOSE BEAUTIES! A BODY'D THINK THEY POPPED OUT OF YOUR EARS!
YOU'RE STILL THE STRANGEST BODY I EVER BRUNG SUPPLIES FOR, BUT GOD KNOWS, THE PAYMENT CAN'T BE FAULTED! SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS!

FISHEYES BED!
VERNON COSTELLO, THIRD-RATE SMUGGLER, PLANNED ON COMING BACK A LOT SOONER THAN A COUPLE OF MONTHS. IN FACT, HE PLANNED ON GOING BACK IN LESS THAN A DAY.
THE FEDERALES HAD FINALLY COME TO PACIFIC WATERS... AND ALL OF A SUDDEN SMUGGLING HAD BECOME ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS HUNTING WHALES IN A CANOE.
COSTELLO WAS OUT TO MAKE ONE LAST KILLING BEFORE RETIREMENT.
...AN INTERFAN PRODUCTION
STEVE CLEMENT – STORY
PETE BOTSIS – ARTWORK
PETE IRO – INKS & LETTERS
YOU'LL BE BACK BY MORNING?
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW. JUST STAY HERE AND DON'T LET ANYBODY STEAL THE BLOOMIN' OCEAN!

NO ONE GETS THAT MANY PEARLS UNLESS HE KNOWS WHERE THE BEST OYSTER BEDS ARE. WELL, NOT BEING INCLINED TO GO SWIMMIN', I'LL JUST SETTLE FOR WHAT THE OLD BOY'S GOT ON HAND.

THE SLOSHING BAGS ON HIS SHOULDER, SLICK SAND UNDER HIS HEELS, THE SMUGGLER DASHED INTO THE SPRAY-COATED FOLIAGE, THINKING OF WHAT A DECISIVE CHANGE HE WAS ABOUT TO MAKE ON THIS TINY SEA-ROCK.

I'VE NEVER IN ALL MY TIMES HERE SEEN THAT OLD MAN LEAVE MORE THAN SPITTING DISTANCE FROM HIS CABIN. WELL, IF ANYTHING'LL DO IT, THIS WILL!

CAUGHT! NOW I OUGHT JUST TO HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO GET 'ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND BEFORE...
PFHT!
SPFFPZZZ

...HALF THE ISLAND IS BURNING!
FOOMP!

A FIRE. IT DOES NOT BEGIN ON AN ISLAND WITHOUT HELP!
DEAL WITH IT, IN THE USUAL WAY.

WHERE THERE HAD ONLY BEEN A RIPPLING SILENCE, NOW AROSE A SPUME OF SALT AND FOAM, LIKE SOME PILLAR FROM THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF WHALE FAT IS THAT CRAZY ISLANDER UP TO?
DONE. YOU FEEL HIS EVIL?
OF COURSE. WE SHALL WAIT.
TWO HOURS LATER...
...AND I TELL YOU I DON'T LIKE IT! ALL THAT KICKING ABOUT AND THAT LOONIE WATERSPOUT!
YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, BUCKY-BOY, SOON ENOUGH!
WE'RE DAMN CLOSE TO THAT OLD MAN'S PLACE, AIN'T WE? WHAT IF HE SHOULD HEAR US?
HE WILL, BUCKY! AND HE'LL COME RUNNING, RIGHT. RIGHT?
ARRGHH!
A MAN SCREAMS ...TRUE?
TRUE. IT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN. ANOTHER PETTY DIVERSION. REMAIN WITH ME.
DAMN HIS PUFFY FACE! I WHIPPED THIS SWINE UNTIL HE'S DOG MEAT, AND THAT OLD DARKIE STAYS ON THAT PORCH LIKE HE'S GLUED TO IT! SO MUCH FOR DOING THINGS THE SUBTLE WAY!

YOU'RE EITHER AS BLIND AS YOU ARE DUMB, OR YOU SOMEHOW KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. BUT WHATEVER-WHICH-WAY, IT DON'T MATTER NONE.
DIE LIKE YOU LIVED, PEARL-MAN. QUIETLY.
I DIE.
KK-BOOM! CRA-POW!
FEAR NOT... FEAR NOT OF DEATH.
CONGRATULATIONS, VERNON COSTELLO...
HE'S GOT TO HAVE HIDDEN THOSE PEARLS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE... I WISH I KNEW WHERE HE GOT THEM.
...YOU JUST FOUND OUT.
...SWEET MOTHER VIRGIN...!
AAAHHH!
THWAP!
MOMENTS PASSED LIKE GRAINS OF SAND TURNING TO PEARL, UNTIL...

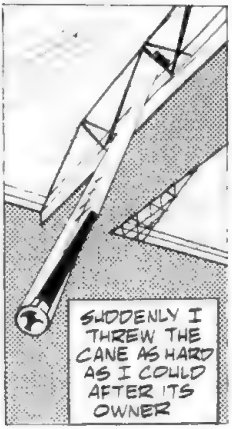
I AM NOT DEAD?
NOT NOW. NOW IS ALL THAT MATTERS. THE SAND WILL AID YOU. USE IT.
THERE. YOU ARE WELL AGAIN.
AND I HAVE TENDED TO THE GREEDY ONE.
COME, LET US BURY HIM.
I DON'T LIKE BEING DEAD. CAN WE NOT DO THIS NEXT TIME.
IF POSSIBLE.
AND JUST LIKE ALL THE REST... HE FOUND HIS REST IN FISH-EYE'S BED.
WILL WE NEED A NEW SUPPLIER?
DO NOT FEAR. FOR DOES NOT ALL GREED LOVE THE PEARL-MAN?
COSTELLO WAS A THIEF AND A SMUGGLER, JUST LIKE THE REST.
6.

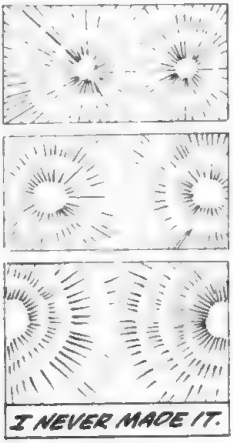
BASED ON A STORY BY **NANCY LYERAND** * ADAPTED AND PENCILLED BY **W. M. NEVILLE**
INKED BY **SAM DE LA ROSA** * LETTERED BY **PETE IRO**

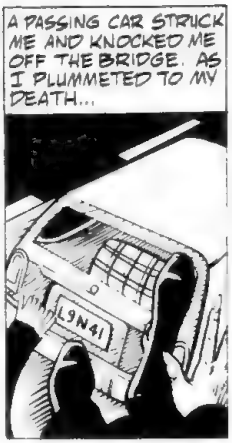
# BRIDGE

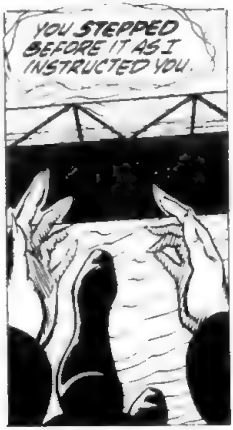
TO BE OR NOT TO BE; THAT IS THE QUESTION.
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE...
OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES AND, BY OPPOSING...
...END THEM.
THE CITY LIGHTS FLICKERED THROUGH THE MIST, AND AN OLD MAN STOOD AT THE BRIDGE RAILING WHILE THE INKY RIVER OF NIGHT PERMEATED THE AIR.
A DAMP WIND CARESSED MY FACE, SENDING CHILLS THROUGH MY BODY.
HIS STOOPED SHOULDERS SHOOK BENEATH A THIN, WORN COAT.
HE APPEARED TO ADDRESS AN INVISIBLE HOST, AND, AS I WATCHED, HIS DEJECTED AIR CHANGED TO ONE OF TRIUMPH.
ALARMED, I DASHED TOWARD HIM, BUT EVEN AS I DID SO I KNEW...
HE WAS GOING TO JUMP.
...I WOULD BE TOO LATE.

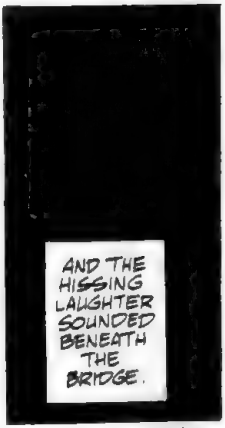
AS THE MAN LEAPED, HIS HUGE DOG CAUGHT HIS COAT AND PULLED...
ONLY TO PLUNGE WITH ITS MASTER INTO THE BLACK VEILS OF MIST.
ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE TWO LIVES WAS AN OLD BATTERED CANE LEANING AGAINST THE RAILING.
I PICKED UP THE CANE WONDERING ABOUT ITS OWNER. WHY HAD HE KILLED HIMSELF?
HE WAS NO COWARD, OR HE WOULD HAVE HESITATED...
...YET HIS FEAR OF LIFE COULD HAVE OVERCOME HIS FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN.
I DECIDED HE WAS CRAZY-- THE TYPE THAT HEARS VOICES.
THIS BROUGHT A BITTER SMILE TO MY LIPS, FOR I KNEW HOW EARNESTLY HE WOULD PROTEST IF HE KNEW MY THOUGHTS.
MOST OFTEN THIS TYPE WOULD NOT ADMIT, EVEN TO HIMSELF, THAT HE HEARD THINGS OTHERS DID NOT.
AS I STOOD THINKING, BLACKNESS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED ME AND THE WIND TURNED CLAMMY. ITS ICY FINGERS PULLED AT ME. I GAZED UNSEEINGLY INTO THE DARKNESS.
SUDDENLY A RAY OF LIGHT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE AND WENT NOWHERE.
THE WIND HAD ACQUIRED A VOICE.
JUMP!
YOU ARE A PUNY MORTAL ENCASED IN A FLIMSY BODY. ONLY JUMP AND YOU WILL BE FREE!
YOU WILL BECOME ONE OF THOSE BENEATH THE BRIDGE.
AND THEN, BECOME A PART OF ME--
AND WHO HAS MORE FREEDOM THAN I?
JUMP, MORTAL...
JUMP!
UNWILLINGLY, I CLIMBED ONTO THE RAILING AND STOOD THERE, POISED.







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END.

THE BATTLE OF THE ZAMORIAN MARCHES / THE HANDS OF NERGAL / FEBRUARY

# SPACE MYSTERY

WAB

INSIDE THE GREAT SPACESHIP, A STRANGE UNEASINESS HAD SEIZED THE CREW, AND NO ONE WOULD SPEAK OF IT! SUDDENLY, A YOUNG OFFICER BROKE THE SILENCE..

COLONEL, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO ABOUT ALL THIS?!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, MULBERRY! EH, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, LAD?

YOUNG MULBERRY STARED AT HIS SUPERIOR, IN DISBELIEF!

MY GOD, COLONEL! HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY WE'VE ROAMED SPACE, AIMLESSLY, FOR SO LONG?

REALLY, MY BOY! IT HASN'T BEEN "SO LONG"... ONLY A COUPLE MINUTES!

BUT JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, LET'S SAY OUR TRIP *HAS* BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME!

SO WHAT?!

WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY REASON FOR BEING IN SPACE!

AND BESIDES, WHY DO WE HAVE THE HEADS OF ANIMALS?!

THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING YOU, HAS IT?

THE OLD VETERAN CHUCKLED.. HIS AIDE WASN'T USED TO THESE THINGS!

THERE'S A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR *EVERYTHING*, LAD!

WHAT COULD *POSSIBLY* EXPLAIN THIS?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY

YOU KNOW WHO COULDN'T COME UP WITH A PREMISE!

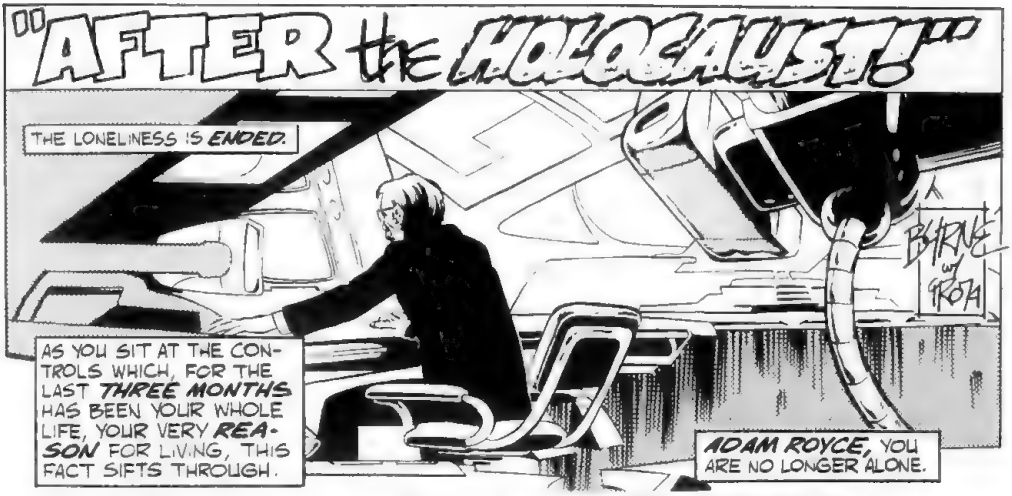
ALL WE'RE LEFT WITH ARE *SPECIAL EFFECTS!*

YAHH!! WHO'S THAT?!

DON'T SWEAT IT, KID! THIS IS THE LAST PANEL!

YUP!

# "AFTER the HOLOCAUST!"


THE LONELINESS IS ENDED.
BYRNE on IRON
AS YOU SIT AT THE CONTROLS WHICH, FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS HAS BEEN YOUR WHOLE LIFE, YOUR VERY REASON FOR LIVING, THIS FACT SIFTS THROUGH.
ADAM ROYCE, YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE.

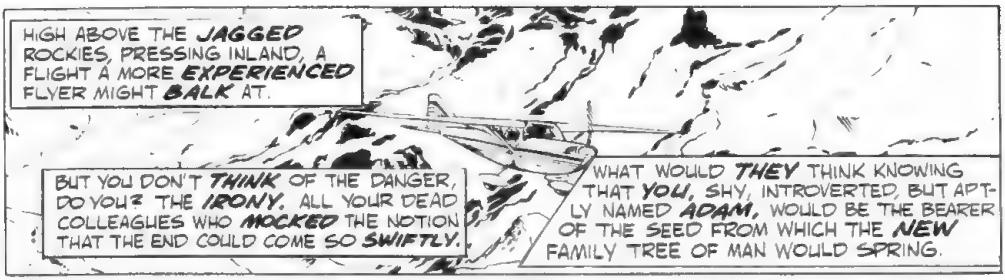
ART & STORY BY: JOHN BYRNE INKS & LETTERS BY: PETE IRO

SILENTLY, A PRAYER OF THANKS TO ASTRAC ONE, THE TINY SATELLITE THAT HAS BROUGHT YOU THIS VITAL KNOWLEDGE.
ASTRAC ONE, WHOSE DELICATE SENSORS CAN PICK OUT THE PULSE OF A SINGLE FLEA IN A ROOMFUL OF DOGS.

EVEN THOUGH YOU SHRUG ON YOUR COAT, YOU DO NOT REALLY FEEL THE CHILL MORNING BREEZE THAT WAFTS IN FROM THE PACIFIC SHORE.
YOU CAN THINK ONLY OF ASTRAC'S INFORMATION AND THE FACT THAT IT MUST BE ACTED UPON!
PALM D
ASTROBIOL
REASEAR
INSTITUT
CALIFORN A

AIRPORT!
THE GREAT JETS STAND SILENT, RUSTING. NO FUEL SHORTAGE NOW. THE LAST MAN ON EARTH HAS ALL THE FUEL HE NEEDS.
AND HE IS NOT ALONE

A JERKY, AWKWARD TAKE-OFF. YOU HAVEN'T FLOWN IN SEVERAL YEARS, HAVE YOU, ADAM?
SURPRISED AT HOW READILY IT COMES BACK? OR CAN YOU THINK ONLY OF FINDING WHAT ASTRAC HAS LOCATED FOR YOU?
OF FINDING... HER!


HIGH ABOVE THE JAGGED ROCKIES, PRESSING INLAND, A FLIGHT A MORE EXPERIENCED FLYER MIGHT BALK AT.
BUT YOU DON'T THINK OF THE DANGER, DO YOU? THE IRONY. ALL YOUR DEAD COLLEAGUES WHO MOCKED THE NOTION THAT THE END COULD COME SO SWIFTLY.
WHAT WOULD THEY THINK KNOWING THAT YOU, SHY, INTROVERTED, BUT APTLY NAMED ADAM, WOULD BE THE BEARER OF THE SEED FROM WHICH THE NEW FAMILY TREE OF MAN WOULD SPRING.

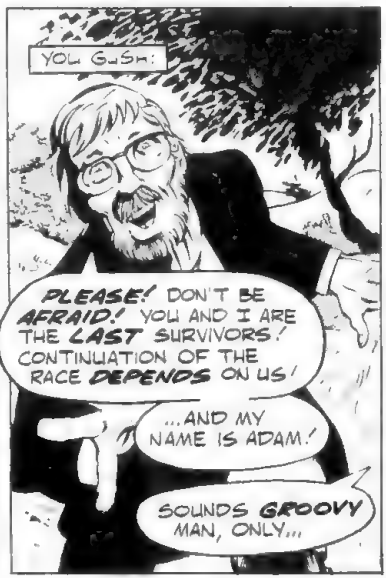
YOUR ON BOARD TELEMETRY INFORMS YOU THAT YOU HAVE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...
BUT THE ONLY PLACE TO LAND IS A DIRT ROAD THAT AN EXPERT WOULD FLY MILES TO AVOID.

BUT YOU TRY IT ANYWAY!

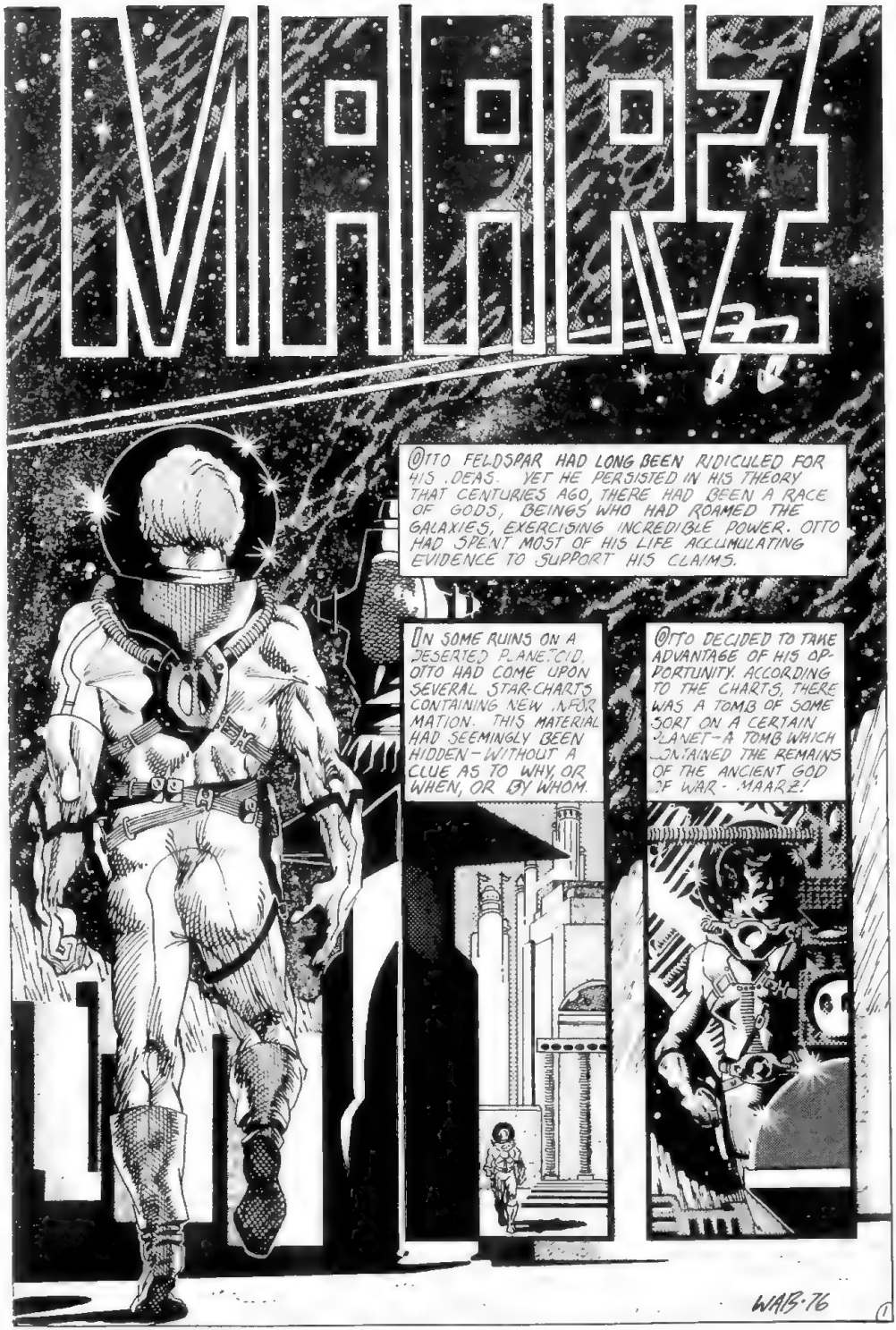
AND YOU SURVIVE! BRUISED AND BATTERED, BUT UNDENIABLY ALIVE!
BUT THEN, WERE YOU NOT FATED FOR SURVIVAL, ADAM?

CAUTION TO THE WINDS NOW, YOU RACE THRU DENSE FOLIAGE, HEADING IN THE DIRECTION PINPOINTED BEFORE YOUR CRASH AND...

YOUR HEART LUNGES AT YOUR THROAT, YOUR MOUTH IS DRY, AND YOUR COOL, PRACTICED RESERVE IS FORGOTTEN.


YOU GASH!
PLEASE! DON'T BE AFRAID! YOU AND I ARE THE LAST SURVIVORS! CONTINUATION OF THE RACE DEPENDS ON US!
...AND MY NAME IS ADAM!
SOUNDS GROOVY MAN, ONLY...

...MY NAME IS STEVE!


MAARZ
OTTO FELDSPAR HAD LONG BEEN RIDICULED FOR HIS IDEAS. YET HE PERSISTED IN HIS THEORY THAT CENTURIES AGO, THERE HAD BEEN A RACE OF GODS, BEINGS WHO HAD ROAMED THE GALAXIES, EXERCISING INCREDIBLE POWER. OTTO HAD SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE ACCUMULATING EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT HIS CLAIMS.
IN SOME RUINS ON A DESERTED PLANETOID, OTTO HAD COME UPON SEVERAL STAR-CHARTS CONTAINING NEW INFORMATION. THIS MATERIAL HAD SEEMINGLY BEEN HIDDEN - WITHOUT A CLUE AS TO WHY, OR WHEN, OR BY WHOM.
OTTO DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPORTUNITY. ACCORDING TO THE CHARTS, THERE WAS A TOMB OF SOME SORT ON A CERTAIN PLANET - A TOMB WHICH CONTAINED THE REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT GOD OF WAR - MAARZ!
WAB·76
1

IF HE COULD FIND THAT TOMB, AND PROVE THE EXISTANCE OF THE OLD GODS, OTTO COULD REALIZE HIS LIFE'S DREAM. SO HE BOUGHT A ROCKET AND SET OFF TO SEARCH FOR A GOD.

BUYING THE ROCKET WAS NO PROBLEM, OVER YEARS OF HARD WORK [illegible] OF MANY PLANETS, OTTO HAD COLLECTED SCORES OF PRICELESS TREASURES. HE WAS A WEALTHY MAN.

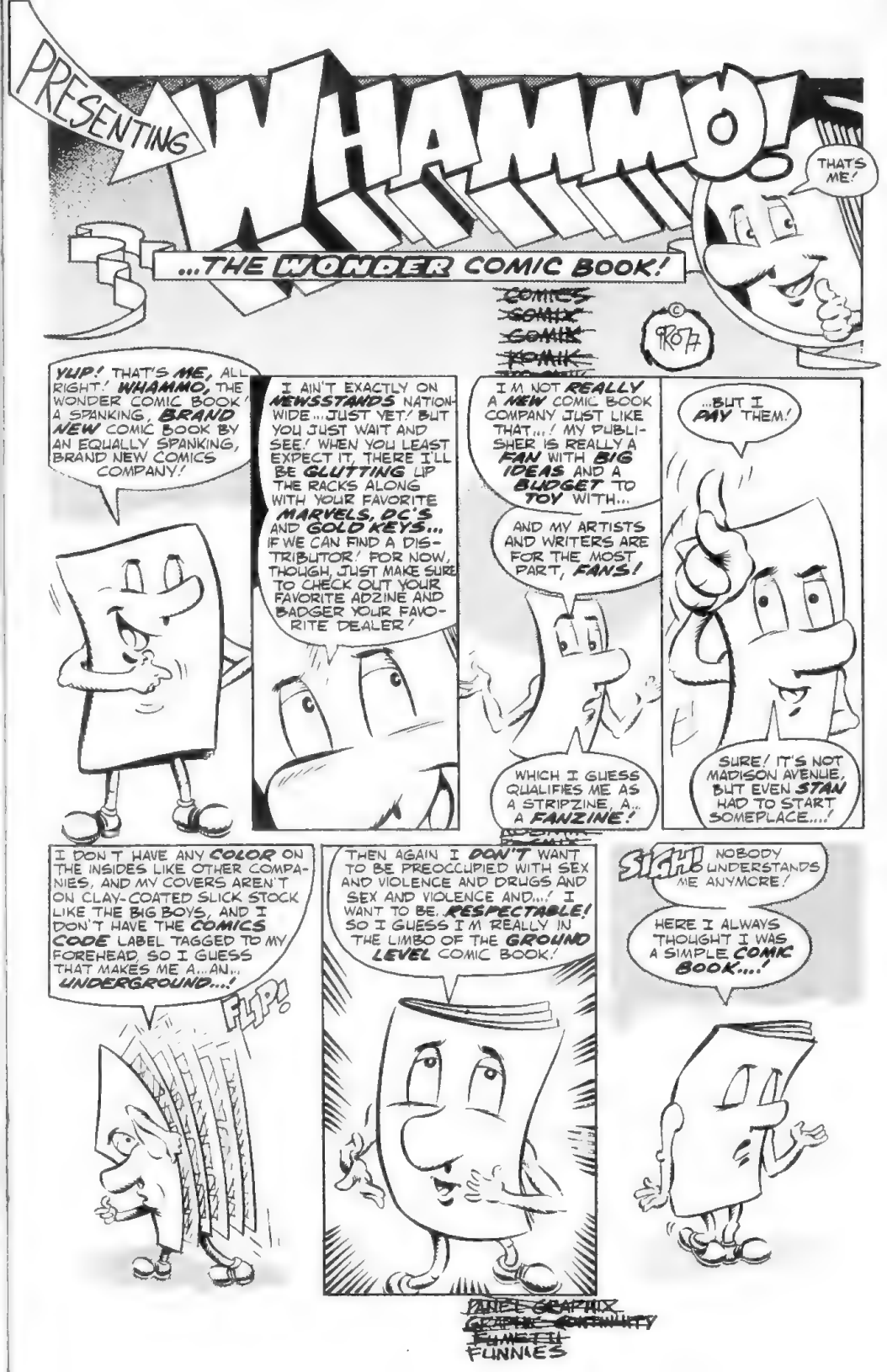
BUT THE WEALTH WAS MEANINGLESS TO HIM. HIS FASCINATION WITH LEGEND HAD BECOME A DOMINANT OBSESSION.

AND NOW HE HAD A CHANCE TO PROVE TO HIMSELF AND THE OTHERS THAT HIS SPECULATIONS WERE THE TRUTH.

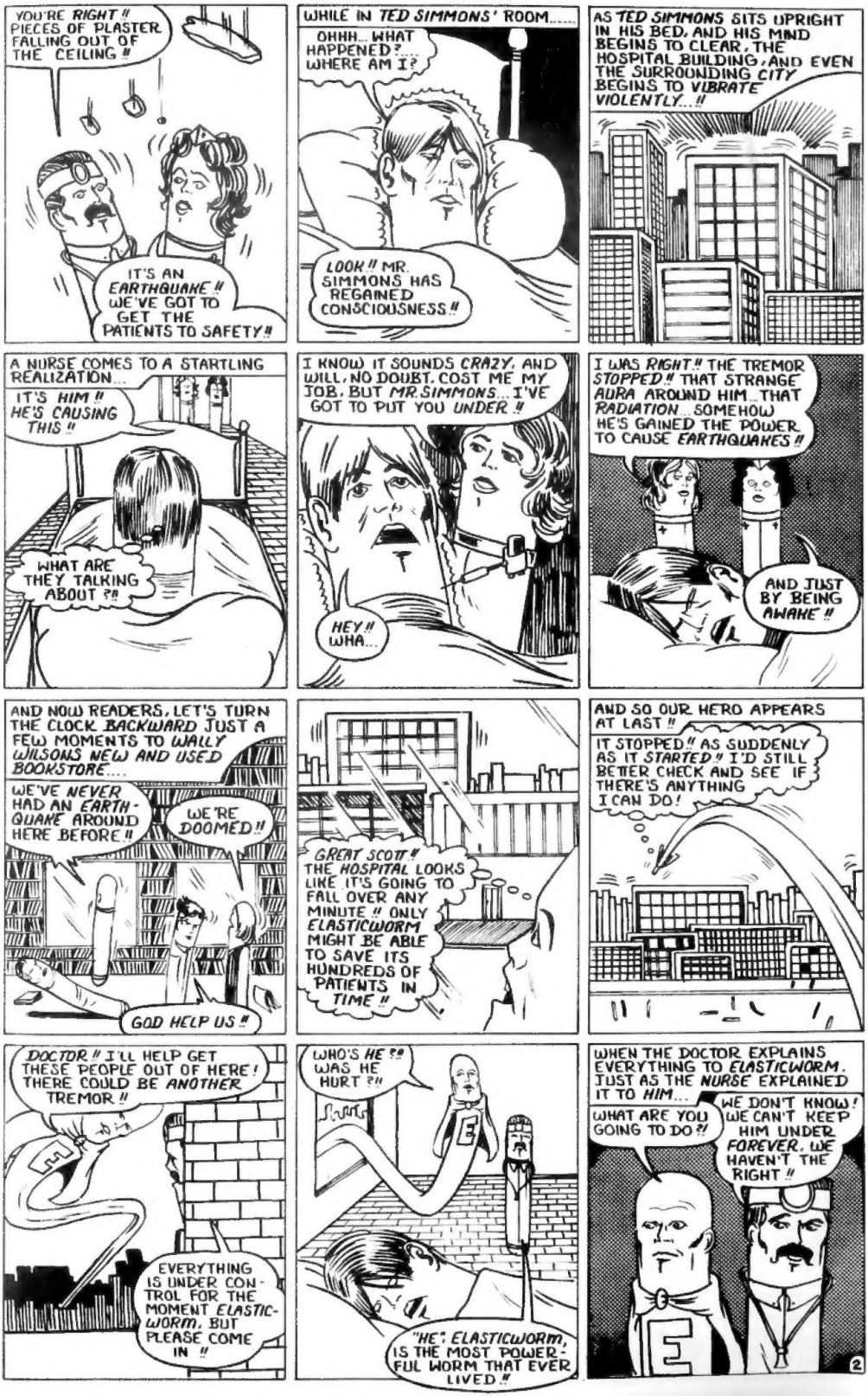
THE JOURNEY TO THE PLANET CALLED TRESKEL - WHERE THE TOMB WAS BELIEVED TO BE - SEEMED AN ETERNITY TO THE ANXIOUS OTTO FELDSPAR. BUT AFTER SIX MONTHS IN SPACE, TRESKEL CAME INTO VIEW...

THE TOMB WAS SUPPOSEDLY NEAR THE CO-ORDINATES HE HAD CHOSEN FOR A LANDING, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD IT TO HAVE BEEN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BELOW THE PLANET'S SURFACE. OTTO SET THE SHIP DOWN CAREFULLY.

FOR GOOD OR ILL, HE KNEW THIS WOULD BE THE CULMINATION OF A LONG QUEST.


PRESENTING
WHAMMO!
...THE WONDER COMIC BOOK!
THAT'S ME!
COMICS
COMIX
COMIK
©
YUP! THAT'S ME, ALL RIGHT! WHAMMO, THE WONDER COMIC BOOK! A SPANKING, BRAND NEW COMIC BOOK BY AN EQUALLY SPANKING, BRAND NEW COMICS COMPANY!
I AIN'T EXACTLY ON NEWSSTANDS NATIONWIDE...JUST YET! BUT YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE! WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, THERE I'LL BE GLUTTING UP THE RACKS ALONG WITH YOUR FAVORITE MARVELS, DC'S AND GOLD KEYS... IF WE CAN FIND A DISTRIBUTOR! FOR NOW, THOUGH, JUST MAKE SURE TO CHECK OUT YOUR FAVORITE ADZINE AND BADGER YOUR FAVORITE DEALER!
I'M NOT REALLY A NEW COMIC BOOK COMPANY JUST LIKE THAT...! MY PUBLISHER IS REALLY A FAN WITH BIG IDEAS AND A BUDGET TO TOY WITH...
AND MY ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE FOR THE MOST PART, FANS!
WHICH I GUESS QUALIFIES ME AS A STRIPZINE, A... A FANZINE!
...BUT I PAY THEM!
SURE! IT'S NOT MADISON AVENUE, BUT EVEN STAN HAD TO START SOMEPLACE....!
I DON'T HAVE ANY COLOR ON THE INSIDES LIKE OTHER COMPANIES, AND MY COVERS AREN'T ON CLAY-COATED SLICK STOCK LIKE THE BIG BOYS, AND I DON'T HAVE THE COMICS CODE LABEL TAGGED TO MY FOREHEAD, SO I GUESS THAT MAKES ME A...AN... UNDERGROUND...!
FLIP!
THEN AGAIN I DON'T WANT TO BE PREOCCUPIED WITH SEX AND VIOLENCE AND DRUGS AND SEX AND VIOLENCE AND...! I WANT TO BE, RESPECTABLE! SO I GUESS I'M REALLY IN THE LIMBO OF THE GROUND LEVEL COMIC BOOK!
SIGH! NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME ANYMORE!
HERE I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS A SIMPLE COMIC BOOK....!
PANEL GRAPHIX
GRAPHIC CONTINUITY
FUMETTI
FUNNIES

STORY and ART by TIMOTHY E. G. BRADLEY
ELASTICWORM
"THE EARTH WORM STRIKES!"
LIKE ANY CIVILIZED WORLD, THE WORM WORLD HAS ITS SHARE OF HEAVY INDUSTRY, AND TO MAKE INDUSTRY RUN, YOU NEED FUEL- WHICH MEANS COAL!! AND WE ALL KNOW THAT COAL MINING IS VERY DANGEROUS WORK!!...
BOSS!! THIS WHOLE SECTION IS CAVED IN!! THESE LAST FEW BEAMS AIN'T GONNA' HOLD FOR LONG!! IT'S A DEATH-TRAP!! LET'S GET OUTA' HERE!!
NO!! IF TED SIMMONS IS IN HERE, AND STILL ALIVE, WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!! THAT POOR GUY WAS GOING TO RETIRE IN TWO MONTHS!!
LOOK!! THERE HE IS!!
LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S GLOWING!!
THESE ROCKS SCATTERED AROUND HERE ARE GLOWING TO...JUST LIKE TED!
YEA, LIKE THEY WERE RADIO-ACTIVE OR SOMETHING!!
WELL!! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, LETS GET HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS WHOLE PLACE COMES DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!!
WE JUST GOT OUT OF THERE IN TIME, THE WHOLE BLAMED TUNNEL JUST GAVE IN!!
ONE OF YOU GUYS GO OVER TO MY OFFICE, AND CALL AN AMBULANCE DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!!
RUMBLE!
DAYS LATER IN THE HOSPITAL
HE'S COMING AROUND NOW, APPARENTLY NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINOR LUMPS.. BUT THAT GLOWING...!!
STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!!
WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM HERE FOR AWHILE AND CONDUCT SOME TESTS!!
SHHHH...DID YOU FEEL THAT? I THOUGHT I FELT THE BUILDING SHAKE...!?


YOU'RE RIGHT!! PIECES OF PLASTER FALLING OUT OF THE CEILING!!
IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE PATIENTS TO SAFETY!!
WHILE IN TED SIMMONS' ROOM.....
OHHH... WHAT HAPPENED?..... WHERE AM I?
LOOK!! MR. SIMMONS HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!!
AS TED SIMMONS SITS UPRIGHT IN HIS BED, AND HIS MIND BEGINS TO CLEAR, THE HOSPITAL BUILDING, AND EVEN THE SURROUNDING CITY BEGINS TO VIBRATE VIOLENTLY...!!
A NURSE COMES TO A STARTLING REALIZATION...
IT'S HIM!! HE'S CAUSING THIS!!
WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?!
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, AND WILL, NO DOUBT, COST ME MY JOB, BUT MR. SIMMONS... I'VE GOT TO PUT YOU UNDER!!
HEY!! WHA...
I WAS RIGHT!! THE TREMOR STOPPED!! THAT STRANGE AURA AROUND HIM... THAT RADIATION... SOMEHOW HE'S GAINED THE POWER TO CAUSE EARTHQUAKES!!
AND JUST BY BEING AWAKE!!
AND NOW READERS, LET'S TURN THE CLOCK BACKWARD JUST A FEW MOMENTS TO WALLY WILSONS NEW AND USED BOOKSTORE....
WE'VE NEVER HAD AN EARTHQUAKE AROUND HERE BEFORE!!
WE'RE DOOMED!!
GOD HELP US!!
GREAT SCOTT!! THE HOSPITAL LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO FALL OVER ANY MINUTE!! ONLY ELASTICWORM MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE ITS HUNDREDS OF PATIENTS IN TIME!!
AND SO OUR HERO APPEARS AT LAST!!
IT STOPPED!! AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED!! I'D STILL BETTER CHECK AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO!
DOCTOR!! I'LL HELP GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE! THERE COULD BE ANOTHER TREMOR!!
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL FOR THE MOMENT ELASTICWORM, BUT PLEASE COME IN!!
WHO'S HE?! WAS HE HURT?!!
"HE", ELASTICWORM, IS THE MOST POWERFUL WORM THAT EVER LIVED!!
WHEN THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS EVERYTHING TO ELASTICWORM, JUST AS THE NURSE EXPLAINED IT TO HIM...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!
WE DON'T KNOW! WE CAN'T KEEP HIM UNDER FOREVER, WE HAVEN'T THE RIGHT!!
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BUT ELASTICWORM AND THE DOCTOR WOULD BE SHOCKED IF THEY COULD HEAR TED SIMMONS' THOUGHTS AS THEY LEAVE THE ROOM...
THAT STUPID NURSE GAVE ME A SHOT OF VITAMINS INSTEAD OF TRANQUILIZER !! I'M AWAKE. BUT AS LONG AS I KEEP MY MIND STILL, I CAN CONTROL MY NEW POWER !!
SLAM!
I SPENT TWENTY YEARS BUSTING MY BACK IN THOSE MINES. AND FOR WHAT?! NOTHIN'!! BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW !! NOW, THE WORM WORLD IS GOING TO WORK FOR ME !!
SILENTLY TED STEPS FROM HIS BED AND GOES TO THE WINDOW...
NOW TO SEE JUST HOW WELL I CAN CONTROL THIS POWER !!
HIS JAW LOCKS... HIS EYES SQUINT, AS HE CONCENTRATES HIS FANTASTIC ENERGY OUT THE WINDOW...
IT'S WORKING !! I CAN FEEL IT !! GOD! THIS IS GREAT !!
AND FROM THE STREET BELOW, A PILLER OF SOLID ROCK SHOOTS SUDDENLY SKYWARD...!!
I MUST BE GOING MAD !!
GOOD LORD!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
FAN-TASTIC !! THIS WHOLE PLANET IS JUST A GIANT TOY FOR MY AMUSEMENT !!
A WORLD ALL MY OWN !! THIS SURE BEATS SOME CRUMBY PENSION !!
ATTENTION ALL WORMS! THIS IS YOUR NEW MASTER !!
LOOK !! UP THERE !!
FOR YEARS I'VE SLAVED TO HEAT YOUR HOMES AND FACTORIES ! WHILE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING HOT BATHS AND EATING COOKED MEALS, I'VE BEEN FILLING MY LUNGS WITH SOOT !
BUT NO MORE !!
SHOULD ANY OF YOU BE NON-BELIEVERS, HERE'S A SAMPLE OF MY POWER !!
LOOK OUT !!
HE'S TEARING UP THE STREET !!
RIP-POP!
I HEREBY CLAIM HALF OF EVERTHING YOU PRODUCE ! NOW GET BACK TO WORK !!!
WHILE INSIDE THE HOSPITAL....
I THOUGHT I FELT SOMETHING... ARE YOU SURE THAT SIMMONS GUY IS KNOCKED OUT ?!
I..I..THOUGHT SO! WE'D BETTER C-CHECK !!
TO THEIR MUTUAL HORROR, THEY LOOK OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE...
IT'S HIM !! SIMMONS !! GET IN HERE ! YOU NEED HELP !
WHY DO I GET THE FEELING HE'S NOT GOING TO CO-OPERATE !!
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HIS POWER HAS GONE TO HIS HEAD! SOMEONE HAS GOT TO TRY AND STOP HIM BEFORE HE DOES REAL DAMAGE!!
ELASTICWORM! BE CAREFUL!!
JUST HOLD ON THERE A MINUTE, SIMMONS!!
ELASTICJERK!! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D TRY AND STOP ME!!
I'LL WARN YOU ONLY ONCE, HERO! BACK OFF OR BE DISTROYED!!
YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY, SIMMONS!! CALM DOWN AND COME IN THE HOSPITAL!
EH?... A GIANT SLAB OF CONCRETE GRABING ME ...CRUSHING ME...!!
YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN FATE!!
NO MATTER HOW TIGHT YOU MAKE IT, SIMMONS, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOME TINY SPACE FOR ME TO SLIP THROUGH!!
THE TRUTH IS, HIS POWERS DWARF MINE!! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS OVER WITH!!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, ELASTIC-SIMP!! YOUR DAYS OF "SAVING THE WORM WORLD" ARE OVER!!
HMMM!
I'M ONLY GOING TO GET ONE CHANCE!! IF I DON'T TIME THIS JUST RIGHT, IT'LL BE CURTAINS!!
GOT TO SNAP MY TAIL AROUND HIM.... NOW!!
DIDN'T WE JUST GO THROUGH THIS? YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!
...AND LIFT HIM UPWARD, OUTSIDE THE ATMOSPHERE!!
WHA..? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
AND WITHOUT AIR....
I'M B-BLACKING OUT...HE BEAT ME!!
I'VE NEVER DARED TO STRETCH MYSELF THIS FAR BEFORE!!
MOMENTS LATER...
IT'S OVER!! HE HARMLESS NOW! BUT WE STILL HAVE A PROBLEM!!
YES, ELASTIC-WORM, WE DO! WE HAVEN'T THE RIGHT TO KEEP HIM KNOCKED OUT THE REST OF HIS LIFE!!
WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN TO FIND A CURE BUT SOMEDAY...
...THE EARTH-WORM WILL RETURN!!
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END

WOWEEKAZOWIE!
WILLIE & JACK 6-77